## TURKISH STATESMANSHIP. SUCCESSFUL FINANCIERING-FAMINE-THE AMERICAN MINISTER.

PROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. The Turkish Government is now wrestling with its Budget for the next financial year. A deficit of some \$2,000,000 remains to be made up. How to to this is the question that seeks solution. The situation is not at all a bad one when we remember the fremendous deficits of past years. In fact, the financial successes of the present Sultan are greatly to his credit. It is most aimenlt for the Western mind to grasp the possibility of accomplishing what is done every year in the matter of mits with the feeble resources of this Empire. But it is certain that the Empire is stronger financially than it was before the war, and is able to do almost anything that needs to be done from this The self-denial as well as statesmanship required of an Eastern sovereign who would have money in pocket at any time for other than personal objects very great. That the present Sultan should have brought his country out of hopeless bankruptcy into anything near a state of financial equilibrium is a token that he posseses both of these qualities. He is often spoken of in a slighting oner. Sometimes the mistakes that occur seem to warrant all the worst that can be said. But it sennot be denied that the present reign has proqueed results in the improvement of the condition of the country which no other recent reign can how. Asiatic Turkey has been furnished with very fair roads. Many financial abuses have begun to disappear. The number of Turkish merchant steamers has very largely increased and their quality improved. Some serious steps have been taken in improving the courts and the administration of justice. And more than all, the independence of the Empire from Turkish control or interference in its internal affairs has been well deended. Turkey is stronger to-day than at any

time in twenty years past. There are many things to take from the cometeness of any picture of the prosperity of Turey. The people are in many places without the st hope of personal progress in wealth. The brimands have possession of some of the best routes of merce in the interior. But even here the Sultan has lately sent out orders that have resulted in perfect battue of those highway robbers who have been most impudent in their operations. In two months past a score have been shot and three times as many captured at their avocation. The state of some of the provinces even pow borders on famine, and some of them are really in the midst of starvation. But ese things are necessary facts where the peomie are yet too ignorant to be aids to their sover-

The reports from the province of Adams, where there was a complete failure of the crops this year. are discouraging. A recent traveller in that prov-Ance describes the multitudes that one sees as in she most abject want. In the town of Sis, in the Taurus Mountains, the Governor had a register of 12,000 people who needed bread, and he sent to the capital of the province (Adams) for help. The authorities there sent him some flour, but a good part of it was sold to pay the muleteers who brought it, and so it was not long before the people were about the Governor's abode cailing him by a fact that the people are at the point of starthe tax-gatherers are pressing them for

eren in any endeavors for good.

xes. In several cases when men went to the Government house to beg food they were thrust into prison for arrears of taxes. Fifteen men in one batch were thus marched off to prison for taxes when neither they nor their families had bre d to eat. In one village a man who was called upon for taxes had already sold off everything to buy bread but one cow. The tay-gatherer had him flogged until he would consent to sell his cow for the means to pay the tax. The cow brought \$2, which the tax-gatherer seized, and three days later the poor villager died from the effects of the flogging that he had received.

The Rev. Mr. Montgomery, an American missionary in Adana, has been keeping alive some 12,000 persons by means of funds contributed for the sufferers by friends in America and England. It takes but \$5 to support ten persons for a month in that region. But now the Governor has received an required to cease his relief work. The resulting sutfering as the winter comes on is horribie to contemplate. The cause of this singular order is supposed to be the fear that such aid to the starving may give the American too large a place in the popular favor. In many parts of Asia Minor all the approved methods were used to prevent the o currence of harm from the drouth. In the vicinity of Cesarea, for instance, the local authorities had all the roosters killed in order that Satan might lack a certain feather found in the plumage of the rooster which he uses to hinder rain. A man who had made a cradle out of dough to amuse his children was promptly put in prison for thus throwing contempt on the breadstuffs which would lack if the drouth continued. Whether the same vigilance was observed in Adama or not is not evident. Cesarea escaped the famine, however, and Adana did not, hence it is to be supposed that the local officials neglected their duty in this regard.

The negotiations for the Asiatic Turkey railways have failen through, owing to some conditions added by the Military Staff to the Convention originally signed. The most objectionable of these conditions was one which gives the Government the right to purchase the road in thirty years from the date of the concession. So we are to wait a further season before we can take the train for Bagdad in our city.

Mr. Straus, the American Minister here, has won the good opinion of his compatriots by the common sense way in which he goes about the business of the Embassy. He has the respect of his colleagues as well. Of course there are some people in the community who are entirely unable to see that any good thing can come out of Nazareth, and who would like to look down on him because he is a Jew. This objection of race has not happily any weight with the Government officials. Their hearts Mr. Straus seems to have won by telling them in substance that if they have any claim against Americans which is just, he will see that they have their does without the need of pressure, but that on the other hand, if they make demands of Americans unjustly, they will not get their wish by any amount of force. The frankness of such a statement of principle wins the Turk.

In the case of a violation of treaty reulations in Smyrna, where the Turks violated the domicile of an American citizen, Mr. Strans went to the Grand Vizier to tell him that it was a case which would have to be redressed. "I come to you as a friend," he said, "I tell you this before I do anything officially, that you may right this wrong before I write to Washington about it." There was some attempt to make delay, and the Minister merely said: "It as nothing to me whether you use this opportunity that I have given you or not; I merely let you have a chance before I do anything officially. If you do not wish to right the wrong of your own accord, you need not do so." These tactics led the Turks to make the necessary reparation at once and the affair was saved from becoming a thorny diplomatic question.

The Turkish police, in their reforming moods, have revived an old rule prohibiting the opening of a liquor saloon with two hundred paces of a mosque. action has given great offence to some of the "Christian" rum-sellers of the city. Consular intervention has been invoked, and we have the edifying speciacle of the British Consul heading a movement, supported by all, I believe, of the foreign consuls, to force the Turks to swallow their prejudice against the sale of rum at the doors of their places of prayer.

A PATHETIC CASE.

begins to look out of the opposite window, some mane person of light disposition, sitting opposite her, is altogether likely to say to himself, "Aha, siy one?" and he immediately proceeds to lay the roundations for a filtration. The young woman ignores him completely. But there is that sly look all the time, that engaging smile, which she never abandons for for a filirtation. The young woman ignores him completely. But there is that sly look all the time, that engaging smile, which she never abandons for a moment. What is he to make of it? He has no knowledge of the fact that she fell on a stove when she was nine years old, and had that amile engraved indelibly upon her countenance with bistering iron, lie sees the pretty similer, that is all; and there are chances that he may make the occasion a very cls. agreeable one for the young lady. The attractive deformity has, in fail, been the occasion of no little persecution to her; and she has acquired the habit, since it is impossible for her to avoid going out alone quite frequently, of never looking at anybody at a liver that, as we have seen does not spare her. It is a torment and a heaviness of heart to her. It is rossible to imagine that once or twice she may have said to herself, "since, with the world, I must have the name of being a sly firt, why not quietly amuse myself a little in that direction?" If she had yielded to such a temptation, the excuss might be well urged for her that her accident, and not herself, was responsible; that fate had been too much for her. She would be a clear example of affirt in soften dependent on the such a patient and long suffering victim of a fate which has marked her without marring.

## CAUGHT FROM MANY LIPS.

REMINISCENCE, ANECDOTE AND DESCRIP-

TION FROM VARIOUS SOURCES. In talking with old soldiers, one gets the idea that bravery is more a matter of pride than an innate lack of fear, except in rare individuals. "I never saw the man who liked a diet of powder and ball." said Charles E. Coon, the other day. "I have heard of men who were fearless to desperation. We had such a man in which we were supporting, he would jump up although the bullets were flying over our heads in showers and jump around and look about, until the Captain pushed him down. He was not so brave as he was reckless. He did not realize what danger was. That fellow, I remember, was a good poker player. But he was one man in a thousand. The other 999 were quite willing to take bullets for scanty diet, without asking The problem of what a boy shall do in New-York, wh

has an ambition to rise in the world, is changing every year. It has changed wonderfully since the days whe the newspaper office was considered a royal road to practical education. This thought was impressed upon me when I called on a leading publisher, to ask him to give a place in his house to a lad who desired to learn the printer's trade, anticipating in that line of work the opening by which he might climb to something better than manual labor. The publisher said to me "Unless the boy has great strength of character, established habits, and firm control of himself. beyond what you could expect of an ordinary bey, you might with it, than to put him into a printing office in New York city to learn the printer's trade. The offices here are governed by the unions to a large extent, and whole some of the best printers in the country belong to the unions, some of the worst scannes are belong to them. When they cannot get work orsewhere they freek here, and by the rules of he anions are given work for a small portion of the time each week barely softiered to support them. The rest of the time they drink and lost around. Their example and companionship are enough to destroy any lost with whom they come in contact and to demorate him arterly. Unless he has the strength of character to withstand telustration they will lead him to rule. The country wewer in the date of Greeley, Bennett, collax and Raymond, but not to the extent that they were in those day. In editor of a country weekly thirty or forty years any was enerthy a man of advanced hought. Who intoted as carefully a man of advanced hought. are governed by the unloss to a large extent, and While

sight into the growing importance of the engraver's art. Sald he: newspapers, in weekly prints and in magazines has extended so rapidly in the last few years that there i no profession where there also great a prospect for skill and talent as in the engraver's. For instance, I myself pay \$5,000 a year to a young man who is only twenty-four years old, and whose experience in engraving began only five years ago. His taste, quickness and skill will make him worth \$10,000 a year inside of another five years. The engraver of to-day must be an artist as well as a more operator with the engraver's tools. He must not only execute designs, he must make them. There are a number of foreign artists in New York, who came here as portrait-paint-Imperial order to the effect that Mr. Montgomery be ers, crayon artists and workers in oil, who have found required to cease his relief work. The resulting sufpencil, preparing designs for photo-engraving. One

has lost interest in Wall Street speculation is the clos-ing of a large number of branch offices of brokers which were formerly dotted all over the city above Fourteenth-st., and as high up as Fifty-minth-st. in Broadway and Fifth ave. It was at these offices that transactions went on at night, and orders were given fransactions went on a main, or a province of the following day's business by uptown customers who preferred not to be seen in or not to go down to wail street. No less than a dozen of these branch offices have been closed within the last six months, and a half-dozen more will be closed on January 1, when their leases expire.

Two extremes of hotel experience and management found expression a day or two ago from the lips of W. D. Garrison, of the Grand Union, and Lorenz Reich, of the Cambridge. The Grand Union, opposite the Grand Central Station, is distinctly a transient hotel. During the year ending December 15, Mr. Garrison said, 150,000 names were transcribed from the hotel register to the ledger in the office. The hotel is called a coo-room house, but in fact has only 525 beds for guests, and when crowded beyond that capacity must use cots. It will take only a little figuring to bear out Mr. Garrison's statement that he has nearly an enout ar. Carlson through the contract to the new set of guests every twenty four hour to the year. Mr. Rette said to Mr. Garrison: "I will sho you the contrast to that and the other extreme. you the contrast to that and the other extreme. I have 55 sets of rooms. We do not let one for less than a six months' leave, and they are all taken on one to five years' leaves. Why, Mr. Garrison, what you must pay to bookkeepers to transcribe your 156,000 names would probably more than pay my entire office force."

A Western man who has succeeded in bringing artists in contact with wealthy patrons is H. Jay Smith of Minnesota. He has been spending a week here. Mr. Smith is a pleasant, soft-eyed man, with a silken brown beard. He is best known in the East as the art director of the Minneaprils Exposition. For two seasons the collections of paintings at this exposition have been much praised. This result has been due to the efforts of Mr. Smith. The Northwest country is becoming possessed of accumulated wealth, on which cult-ure and art follow with quick strides. New York artists alone took \$19,000 out of Minneapolls by the artists alone took \$19,000 out of Mianeapolis by the sale of pictures on exhibition there last year. Mr. Smith says that out of \$500,000 worth of paintings exhibited in ledg he made sales to the amount of \$105,000. This fact has enabled him to command the works of artists all over the country. As Edward Gay expressed it: "Mr. Smith is the man we have been looking for. He is the pet of the guild."

The present mission of Mr. Smith in New-York has been to invite artists to send examples of thor work to the Sub-Tropical Exhibition which will open in Jacksonville, Fla., on January 16 and continue till May. Talking about this he remarked: "It is a pleasure to me to show native American artists that there are generous patrons for their work in the Northwest, and I hope to be able to establish similar relawest, and I nope to be ance to establish similar rela-tions in Florida. The wealthy Northern people who spend their winters in that State are all peture-buy-ers and I anticipate bringing them in close communi-cation with the artists of the day. We are in hopes to secure the great painting of 'Christ Before Pilate' for the exhibition. I shall go to Philadelphia soon on that mission."

Writing of art exhibitions reminds me that among some artists with whom I have recently talked there were general expressions of regret at the difficulties encountered in selling their productions. "This has been a poor season for artists," said one of the leading exhibitors at the National Academy of Design. "When there is business depression art feels it first of all.
We have been caught by the surplus trouble, I presume, although to tell you the truth, I don't just know A PATHETIC CASE.

From The Boston Transcript.

A large pathetic case has come to the Listener's income go lately. It is that of a young woman, who, in early life, was burned upon the cheek by slipping that the scar that was left is now scarcely perceptible, that the scar that was left is now scarcely perceptible, that the scar that was left is now scarcely perceptible, that the scar that was left is now scarcely perceptible, that the scar that was left is now scarcely perceptible, that the scar that was left is now scarcely perceptible, that the scar that was left is now scarcely perceptible, that the scar that was left is now scarcely perceptible, that the scar that was left is now scarcely perceptible, that the scar that was left is now scarcely perceptible, that the scar that was left is now scarcely perceptible, that the scar that was left is now scarcely perceptible, that the scar that was left is now scarcely perceptible, that the scar that was left is now scarcely perceptible, that the scar that was left is now scarcely perceptible, that the surplus is." This view of the contilion of the times I found was not shared among shop keepers. In a Twenty-third-st. book-store, where fine books, addicate stationery and similar luxuries are made a specialty, are of the partners said: "Everybody has specialty, are of the partners said: "Everybody has been caught by the surplus is."

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THE HUMORS OF "INTERVIEWING "-QUES-TIONS OF ETIQUETTE.

BEN" BUTLER'S APPRTITE-" BISHOP" OBERLY

-WHITE HOUSE PESTIVITIES.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Senator Brown, of Georgia, once seen is not likely to be forgotten. His long, yellowish white beard gives him a patriarchal appearance, and his placed face is as unreadable as the Sphinx. A larger man but one not less striking is Chief Doorkeeper Bassets, of the Senate, whose long snowy white beard gives to him also the air of a parriarch. His face is quite as placid and unrealable as the Sonstor's countenance. The very marked difference between the two men is that the Senatorial step is soft and catlike, and one almost hears the "purring" as "O't Jee Brown." Chamber. Now, on the contrary, though there can be but little difference in their ages, Doorkeeper Bassett's step is still springy and active. Not long ago when the deluge of New-York "interviewers" on the Presi lent's message swept over the Capital, Sepator Brown and Senator Gorman happened to be in the Senate restaurant getting luncheon. They were at separate tables, but it seems that "old Joe" was combining the business of eating with the pleasure of siyly watching the Maryland Senator get rid of an "interviewer." Mr. Gorman's face Mr. Gorman's face expressed surprise, annoyance, and it must be said, disgust. Of course he male short work of it, and then Senasked, as he sat down with confidential nearness to Sen-

ator Gorman: "What is the matter, Gorman ! You seem put out about something."

"Why, one of those fellows from New-York, you know He wanted me to tell him what I thought of the mes sage, and what my views were on the tariff," was the

Well, what did you tell him !" asked Senator Brown stroking his long beard with unnelieving deliberation and determined to get at the bottom of it by ferreting out the cause of the other's annoyance. "I told him I had nothing to say about the message 21

tariff at present." "Well, I'm sure there was nothing in that to put you out," soothingly commented the Georgia Senator.

"I'd like to have put him out. Why, Brown, the fellow's first question was-well, now what do you think "Haven't the least idea," with full emphasis on the first letter of the word " idea."

\* Why, he began, \* Senator Brown, are you a Democrat or Republican I' Think of asking me such a question! I wouldn't talk tariff or anything else with newspaper fellow who didn't know enough beforehand not to ask me such a question." Seven years in the United States Senate and unknown

by name and of unknown political faith was more than the Maryland Senator could stand. And to be taken for " Brown, of Georgia," too. Of course it came out plump enough and with merciless directness. There was a dead pause, but only for a moment. A smile more than slowly passed over Senator Brown's serene countenance ed slowly down and lost itself in the long yellow ish white beard. Then he said, with his deliberate. ministerial condolence manner:

"Gorman, I can tell you something much worse than that. One of these newspaper fellows went for old Doorkeeper Bassett yesterday and interviewed him on the tariff. Now what do you suppose the fellow said when tarif. Now what do you suppose the fellow said when he got through with Bassett and went out P

Oh, I haven't an blea," replied Senator Gorman, brightening up with the hope that somebody else had "Well, that newspaper fellow went out and said: ' Pve

been talking for half an appr in there with old Brown, of Georgia, and the only tarid he knows anything about

The gastronomical peculiarities of great men are fre quently made a subject of comment. Of all the public characters who visit Washington, I am told that "Ben " away tood is concerned. He literally "takes the cake," for the steaming paneage is his weakness, and it is the testimony nere that the most agils cook in the District cannot turn the farmaceous flaplack fast enough to meet the demands of "Ben's" appetite. In the lower part of Pennsylvania ave, there stants a little, hotel, an unpretentious little caravansary, noted for the correctness of its calsine and its excellent service. It is a quiet resort with all the comforts of an old English tayers and the acclusion so dear to the average gorman lizer. Butler frequently comes to this place to order his favor-

· I have heard of appetites," said an attendant to me the other day, "but I never knew exactly what a real appetite was before I saw Mr. Butler. I remember the first time he came here he ordered two perterious, steaks, a dozen friederes, with fried mions, raw fried potatoes and parcaises to some I thougast it was for a party of four, and I fixed plates mapkins, knives and

such artist whom I know is engaged in hinstrating an encycle adds of biography for one of the old publishing houses here. The book is full of heads about the size of half a dollar, and he gets \$2 apove for them, size of half a dollar, and he gets \$2 apove for them, lie is making \$100 a week without any trouble. If you will look over the pages of "Harper" or "The tentury" you will find engravings bearing the name, swandowed it prefty much as the average man does an through at one blow, cal out a section and apparently swallowed it prefix much as the average man does an oyster after giving if one bits. Another section followed in the same way, and before I could turn around as

thandered but:
"Bring it some more pancakes."
"Trusted back to the kitchen and detailed the situation to the head cook.

head cook at must be Mr Butler, said the cook, know-"Why, dat must be Mr Isuther, said the cook, know their art canbine to at assistant he told him to make up a bis paintin of paincake batter, and to be "mighty quick about it for dar is a man, it de dimin room wild an appearance to the like a rat hole. When I got uck to the diminizmoun one of the porterhous steaks was missing it had disappeared so quickly that I beran to desibt whether I had brought. It or not, when my mind was settled by Mr Butter who said as he siper intermediate do will be after a rate enough."

"That steak was just right, but this one is not quite rare enough."

But me fell to it all the same and destroyed it in large sections, supplemented by monthfuls of e.g., polations.

sections, supplemented by mouthfuls of ext, potatons and one as all an eccasional halfour of cuttee.

"Where the - are those paracles I' he shouled, while racing at me with his one good eye, and then he turned as if to the mock."

turned as if to the 360k;

"Ering it those - paneages!"

"Well, sir, you may believe me or not, but Mr. Butler got away with four dozen paneakes, and as for the steak, eggs and potatoes, there wean't enough left to fee! a car And then he of up and walked down the avenue as briskly as if he had only lunched on maif a dozen raw oysters."

Senator Walthall, of Misstastppt, is one of the few early rising Senators. It has long been his impit to take a cop of coffee and a roof at 5 o'clock in the morning, all the year round. After this, which of course is served in his room, he does not care whether school keeps or not, at to speak In other words, he is not dependent on the regular breakfast, happening anywhere from 8 to 9 o'clock. Though he may eat a light breakfast he does not again take coffee or tea at any time until the next morning's coffee at 5 relock. Of course it is an unearthly hour, but the habit is so fixed that there is no sleep for him after 5 or a minute later. He is quite as " set" about religing early Ten o'clock is late bedtime for the Senator, who is usually in the land of dreams fully half an hour earlier. Now and then an evening party breaks in upon the early rearing hour. But there is never a deviation from the 5 o'clock morning coffee. Senator Walthali and Secretary Lumar are old and very warm friends. I believe since the question of Mr. Lamar's age has mome up with his nomination to be a Supreme Court Justice, Mrs Walthall declares herself the authority. She says she knew Mr. Lamar's age twenty five years ago, and now knows that he was sixty-

two last September.

The Secretary is about to give up his house and he has The secretary is about to give up his house and he has been looking around for apartments. Hunting for rooms in Washington is not easy work, neither is it always an acterable pastime. It must be absolute drudgers and a bore to a man of Mr. Lamar's temperament. A practical man can graph squarely with the ups and downs of floors and prices. But a man so absent-minded as Mr. Lamar bardly knows whether he is getting the top of Lamar bardly knows whether he is getting the top of the house or the first floor. He wished very much to actile in the house with the Walthalis, partly to and the torment of further search and partly for the satisfaction of being under the same roof with intimate friends. "I would put up with much inconvenience for the saxiof being with Waithali," he remarked the other day, with an almost pathetic seriousness that was amusing.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Lamar, " sice old lady," as her hus band said, soos after their marriage last year, when asked about the bride, has sinken off the eares of housekeeping and gone to Georgia for the winter. Wasther on her return she will find the new apartments ready for her, and also find berself a member of the "Court circle," the near future will determine. I hear that Mr. Lamar's friends feel me doubt of his confirmation, but that he has expressed himself as a little "shaky," and declines all congratulations in advance. Mrs. Lamar, the women say, is sure to be made happy by the transfer from the Cabinet to the Court. When the benefit is full, there are aime families—two more than in the Cabinet. But whatever is the reason, it is certain that the court families have much the exaler life, and an alterether better time. Not the half is supected of the Court that is demanded of the Cabinet in the way of social entertainment. Nobedy quarrels with the 'curt women about "first calls." In deed, they get first calls from everybody except the President's wife and Vice-President's wife. This seems to have been a courtesy put down in their favor as long ago as President inchanas's administration. In Court circle is neither frivelous nor way. Staid Finitaday aftermon receptions and formal diamer parties and frequent whist rubbers are the extent of its seems that the bear after the extent of its seems that the president whist rubbers are the extent of the seed dissipations.

"I had been effor feave," said a saval effect the other day, "and was coming home on the cars, when I randay, "and was coming home on the cars, when I randay," and was coming home on the cars, when I randay, "and was coming home on the cars, when I randay, "and was coming home on the cars, when I randay, "and was coming home on the cars, when I randay," and was coming home on the cars, when I randay, "and was coming home on the cars, when I randay, "and was coming home on the cars, when I randay, "and was coming home on the cars, when I randay," "and was coming home on the cars, when I randay, "and was coming home on the cars, when I randay, "and was coming home on the cars, when I randay, "and was coming home on the cars, when I randay, "and was coming home on the cars, when I randay, "and was coming home on the cars, when I randay, "and was coming home on the cars, when I randay, "and was coming home on the cars, when I randay, friends feel so doubt of his confirmation, but that he has day, "and was coming home on the cars, when I ran across a Congressman. I saked him why he was not in Washington, and he replied that he soldom went there at

the beginning of the session, because he liked to spend

as much time as he sould with his family at home. Then I preceded to read him a lecture. 'You Congressmen, who make laws for the discipline of the Navy and the Army,' I said, 'ought to taste a little of it yourselves. Now. I have been away on a cruise for three years, and was able to get just thirty days' leave to visit my poer old mother, whom I have not been able to see during all that time, and have to hurry back new before my leave expires, so as to avoid a court-martial; yet you Conyou please and draw your pay all the time. When we pay whether you are on duty on not. Then again, you sed to give us ten cents a mile for travelling expenses, and thinking that was too much, cut us down to eight cents a mile. At the same time you vere yourselves twenty cents a mile for mileage, and ride on railroad passes which we are not able to get. You prohibit a naval or an army officer from engacing in any other business, yet a Congressman can de whatever he pleases and half the House are absent from Washington for weeks and semetimes months at a time, attending to law cases or other private affairs. When a Congressman dies you vote his widow six months' salary, pay all his funeral expenses, often amounting to six or seven thousand dollars. When a naval officer dies, you allow his widow one month's salary and we have to pay his funeral expenses by a tarpaulin muster—that is, his old comrades pass around the hat and collect sufficient money to foot the bills. Perhaps

and collect sufficient money to foot the bills. Perhaps the Congressman who dies has served only five or six months, while the saval officer may have given his whole life to the service of his country. We have got to be at muster every day or be punished. Suppose you pass a law requiring a Congressman to report at muster every day what a kick there would be.

"But that isn't the west You prehibit us from taking liquor on beard ship except as medicinal stores, and it has to be served out to us by the docter when we are sick; yet von allew life be sold in the restaurants of the Capitol, althout rou have your own rules prehibiting it. You make those rules yourselves and then you so downstairs and violate them. In order that the public say not knew what demagence you are, you take your teddy in tea oups. I think the most contemptible spectacle on earth is a liet of Congressmen sitting around a table in the House restaurant drinking whiskey in tea oups, old, gray-headed, dignified state "non ongazed in the most childish and abourd deep the they could possibly practice."

"And what did the Congressman say to all this?"

"He didn't say anything. He had neithing to say. He simply smiled and admitted that I was about right."

ing an unusually elever after-dinner speaker, his versa-tility covering almost everything from a funny story to Scriptural quotations. But at a supper of congental spirits last Thursday his standing as a Biblical scholar was eriously taxed. The subject under discussion was: Does Prohibition prohibit I" An early speaker, who said he was a Hebrew, declared that there was no prohibition among his race and yet, he asked:

"Who ever heart of a drunken Jew !" This was something of a reflection on Prohibition, which is Senator Palmer's hebby, and he determised to give the Hebrew gentleman a few points on the Jews. "Were not the Jewish hierarchy," he asked, "gov 'Thou shalt not hold the cup to thy neighbor's lips ? " At this point a distinguished Virginia minister took a

hand in the discussion. "Hold on, Senator," said he, "that is not a correct quotation."

"My learned friend should remember," retorted the Senator, "that 'it is the letter which killeth and the This Scriptural paries between the Senater and the divine was langely enjoyed by the company. In a more divine was suggest enjoyed by the company. In a some serious vein the Senator concluded:

"I am no fund Party Produbiliseds. I believe that this reform will be carried out by one of the great parties now concenting for the mastery of this Government. I be not expect that the unovenent will save dwe parcent of these was hare the alconstens that they upon them, but I do believe the business will be made disception.

" Dishan " Obselv the Civil Service Commissioner, is one of the most entertaining talkers here, and tells some very fauny stories. Here is one of them. He says that many years ago, when a young man, he was elected to the Assembly in Hinnois. He was frightened when the time came for him to go to the Capitol at Springhold, for was conscious that he was not the poscessor of a polished education. He feared that he would be paled by the flashing of bright intellects all around him. He took its sent on the first day in four and trembling, but in with all purhips, he might be one of those saline. This was what wrought the great hange in his mind: "Mr Speacer," said one Assemblyman, "there are no

That was all young Oberty was all each of the treasures, and some ante-Revolutionary infriors and toilet articles were foundry over of the treasures, and some ante-Revolutionary infriors and toilet articles were foundry over of the treasures, and some ante-Revolutionary infriors and toilet articles were foundry over of the treasures, and some ante-Revolutionary infriors and toilet articles were foundry over of the treasures, and some ante-Revolutionary infriors and toilet articles were foundry over foundry over of the treasures, and some ante-Revolutionary infriors and toilet articles.

To sing in New-INGLAND IN JANUARY.

"1s it your intention to retice from public life;" asked the reporter. Irere in the bottles."

That was all young Oberly needed to put him perfectly at case in the Legislature.

Admiral Wells of the Navy, has embarked upon the interary profession with Admiral Porter and other old naval efficies. He is on the retired list and instead of spending his days at the club, as some of them do, has been engaged in preparing his reminiscences, which will shed. His first paper will be an addition to the naval history of the war, a description of the battle of Port Reyal, in which he was engaged as a lieutenast on the sain Surquenanna. As the Admiral is a signess writer and taxes a different view of taxe in Engagement from that generally said, its papers insist or create a good deal of comment in navalencies. The record chapter of the contract of the contract that the said of the contract that the contract that the contract the contract that the c goes deal of comment is neval circles. The record char-ter in the book will give an account of the grains of the "Research," which went to the Arche in scarce of Sir-John Franklin. The third is an entertaining description of a visit to the island of St. Heaven by a "Inited States may of war. The fourth and that paper a entitled "An English (bristness," in which the Admiral gives some interesting reminiscences of his own career.

The programme for the fertnessing official entertain ments at the White House will be similar to that of last season. Following the New Year reception by the Presi dent, there will be four evening receptions, three official and one public, the latter taking place on Tuesday orening before Ash Wednesday. There will be the three diamer parties, the first in henor of the Cabinat, the accent in honor of the Diplomatic Corps, and the third in nonor of the Suprema Court. The Corps, and the third in monor of the Suprema Court. The dinners will alterbate with the efficial receptions, and third and was a supremarked to the supremark of the supremarked with the efficial receptions from 3 to 5 o'cleek. They will be on the later days following the Thursday dinner parties so as to alternate with the President's Thursday receptions. By this arrangement the answer of six weeks will be pretty fairly filled at the White House. Whaleverelse the President's wife may cheeke Osk View, which was last season the home of Mrs. Felson, is kely to remain closed for the winter. Mrs. Felson, is kely to remain closed for the winter. Mrs. Felson is with relatives in Michigan and expects to spend the greater part of the season here. I understand that the President's vite is put a sine. there being ne guests with its now. Miss flose Elizabeth Claveland may run over from New-York for a holiday viait, or come later, at Easter.

FUN AT THE RECENT DENTAL CONVENTION.

From The Chicago Herald,
Students and dentists were equally anxious to see
he torture, and they watched the threatening prepara-Students and dentists were equally anxious to see the torture, and they sached the threatening preparations of the man with whiskers with great interest. The latter took down a little "astrument with a sharp point, which he said he would use to 'nject a small quantity of cocaine around the root of the tooth of the patient on whom he was to 'perate for exhibition." By that means," he declared, "I will save this young man from pain."

on whom he was to peract will save this young man from pain."

He injected the drug, then stepped out of the room to get a pair of forceps. The door had scarcely closed behind him when a student stepped to the victim's side, took a pair of forceps and of a little locker under the chair and announced his intention of pulling the tooth. Before the victim could remonstrate the bleeding molar was waved triumphantly above the student's heat. Now put it back, Ed." said half a dozen speciators

"Now put it back, Ed. said har a dozen spectators to one breath. The tooth was shoved back into the cavity just as the dentist returned with his forceps, be, unsuspictous of a trick, continued his preparations. Finally he got the claws of the fevers fastened around the tooth, and he braced atmosf for a strong pull. When it can our without the least resistance, the deutist nearly fainted while the students burst into a hearty peal of laughter at the success of their man. AN EXPECTATION REALIZED.

AN EXPECTATION RESIDENCE.

From The Binghamton Republican.

From t EVERY MAN HIS OWN WEATHER PROPHET.

From The Atlants Constitution,

If the wind is from the east a day and night, rain; if
from the west a day, clear; northwest, clear and cold;
aortheast, cold and cleand; southerly, cleady.

If this is carefully followed and results do not harmenize, then—there is semething wrong with the weather.

AN AVERAGE HONESTY. From The Detroit Free Press. "Boy are you seeking to make an honest living to asked of a newsboy who sought to sell him a

he asked of a newsboy who sought paper.

"Well, kinder," was the reply.

"Then you are not cutirely honest."

"No, sir, I alius give the right change back, but when somebody lasses a leaf nickel off on me I work it back on the general public without loss of time." BOB TAILED HORSES OUT OF FASHION.

BOBTAILED HORSES OUT OF FASHION.

Boston Letter to The Springheid Republican.

In horses a fashion in the reverse direction has set in, and quite as sensible. I happened to go through the largest stable on the Back Bay a while ago and in the saddle horse department I noticed two mags, one with the ugly little banged tall that looks like a wornout house painter's brush, and the other with a beautiful flowing tall so long that it almost swept the ground I paused to observe the contrast and was pleased to hear from my companion, a high authority on matters equine, that bob-talls were gong out of fashion and the long natural ones coming in. The former have been an Anglo-maniae absurdity in this country; they were justified in England, for the design was to avoid catching their talls in hedges as they

leaped them when hunting, but as we have few hedges in this country, and less hunting—of that kind, at least—the docked tail has been simply a silly imitation. Possibly the change of fashion may also be of English origin, for Buffalo Bill and his cow-boys made a great hit in London with their graceful riding. Now if our horsemen could only adopt, with their handsome steeds with full manes and tails after the Arabian or Maxican mustang style, some costume like the Mexican charro, and substitute a firm seat for the agonizing rise in the saddle now the fashion, what picturesque fellows they would be i

A CHAT WITH MRS. STRAKOSCH.

THE SINGER'S EXPERIENCE IN THE WEST.

WILLING TO TALK ABOUT EVERYTHING EXCEPT HER ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg who was, but who is low Mrs. Carl Strakosch, returned recently from the Western concert tour which has resulted so happily for her and her manager, and is now quietly domiciled in a little gem of an apartment at the corner of Union Square and East Seventeenth-st. Though in the very heart of the city, this flat, being on the top story of one of the modern apartment houses, is far above the bustle and turmoil of the workaday world, and seems almost as quiet and retired as a place in the country.

of odd bits of furniture and bric-a-brac. On the sideboard is a collection of choice old silverware; a cabinet in an adjoining room centains some rare specimens of china and porcelain; on the back of a door hangs an exquisite pattern of Genevese velvet, now become care, as the industry is virtually obsolete.
All these with a cumber of paintings, engravings, statuettes, embroideries and divers curlos, the singer has picked up for valuable consideration in out-of-the way places in E-rope. Home markets have supplied the rest, but it is plainly seen that an artistic eye has been present at their selection and arrangement. There is no attempt at show or lavishness, but a sense of home comfort pervades the whole and makes the observer realize that the typical American prima-donna is also a typical American woman, who, though she has filled the land with song, is eminently qualified to fill the home-nest with harmony.

INCIDENTS OF HER WESTERN TRIP. A TRIBUNE reporter found Mr. and Mrs. Strakosch at home on Friday afternoon. Like most newly mar-ried people, they were averse to having the subject of their romantic match discussed, but recounted some of the experiences of their little company during its tour in the wild West. "We left New-York about the beginning of October, with a company of seven people, including Mr. Strakosch and my maid," said Mrs. Strakosch, "and we gave fifty-one concerts in the towns of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois which have not been worked to death Our audiences were measured only by the capacity of the theatres and halls in which we appeared, and the people received us with the old warmth and enthu-slasm. It was very hard work singing five nights a but I enjoyed the trip thoroughly and the fatigue was much lessened by the perfect good fellowship which characterized our little company.

"The hotel accommodations in some of the smaller places were not of the best, to be sure. In one town I went to the dining from and found the hostess, an old lady weighing about 240 pounds, seated at the table. She asked me what I would have. I said a cup of tea and a slice of toast very thin and crisp. She turned to the servant who stood at her elbow and said: . Jane, git the lady a cup of tea and a slice of she addressed herself to a regular boarder, 'Would

Mrs. Strakosch was always noted for her disposition to lend a helping hand to struggling genius, and her I always talked to them kindly and advised them to study and wait."

During her recent travels, Mrs. Strahosch has been collecting American relies. At Frederick the bought a bureau which was formerly the property of Earbarn Freitchie, the gray-haired heroine of Whittier's stirring lines; in Kentucky, a silver-milk pitcher that stirring lines; in Kennucky, a stiver-milk pitcher that belong to Henry Clay was added to her treasures, and beer or fruit, while the officers or young men of the town

should respond to requests already received from various parts of the country, I might go on sloging indefinitely. At all events I think we will make a short tour in the East during January and February. Icomod that I cannot say."

short tour in the East during January and February. Beyond that I cannot say."

In the course of the interview enough transpired regarding that intended to be secret wedding in the wids of indiana to prove beyond peradventure that it was a case of romantic love on the part of the contracting parties. The story is short and sweet: Carl Strabosch is a nephow of Max and Manrice whose names are household words among opera lovers throughout the country. His father died about two years ago. He has been desperately in love with the singer for a long time, but was forced to pine in longitime, with hore deferred until she sindenig with hore deferred until she sindenig re-

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS ON GHOSTS

A WRITE FIGURE THAT WAS NOT A SPIRIT-CHAS-

Everybody who has met Pelice Inspector Williams will admit that he is a man with nerves of steel and not easily frightened, and yet the Inspector once got such a severe shock that his knees played atattoo like the roll of a drum. His hair did not turn white and his clothes were not shaken off by the violence of the chills that crept along his spine, but he has often wished that these things did occur so that he could have the old clothes and snowy locks as evidence of the terrible scare he got.

The scene was in Lelievue Hospital at midnight. He

was only plain Captain Williams then. The Captain had made an important arrest, and the prisoner on the way to the station acted so rudely that it became necessary to use a little discipline, and when it was all over the prisoner became a patient at the hospital. The Captain did not want to lose this man and not only had an officer stationed at his bedside, but dropped into the hospital now and then to see that all was go ing right. On one of these visits, at the midnight hour, the Captain saw a ghost. On the way out from the prison cage he had to pass through a number of wards and got so thoroughly tangled up in walking in the dim light that he did not know where he was He stood for a moment trying to figure out the situation. The only sound that broke the stillness was an occasional groan from the cots all around him. Suddenly there came a loud clang on the ambulance alarm bell and at the same instant a door opened near the Captain and with noiseless tread out moved tall figure clad in spotless white. Deep means came through the open door. The whole thing was so supernatural and had come so unexpectedly that the Captain for the second was thoroughly scared. The figure moved slowly toward him and in the flickering gaslight it seemed to be transparent. The Captain got his presence of mind and his club at the same instant. On came the ethereal figure and the Captain

got his presence of mind and his club at the same instant. On came the ethereal fluore and the Capitaln stood in readiness to cleave its spiritual anatomy from head to root. The fluore suddenly stopped when it had gone a lew feet, and then up went what seemed like a pair of wings. The Capitan thought that if that spirit should fly away he would simply sink through the floor and spend the rest of his days singing hymns. But the fluore did not fly. Instead it staggered back a few feet and then there came a vote from where the head ought to be, saying:

"Have ye no dacency left in yer, to be prowling around wid yer brass buttons and shield amongst old women and crippies, and frightnen the life out of as dacent a woman as ever stepped in Tipperary's Whoop! Got out of here!"

An orderly heard the commotion and put up the lights. The Capitain found that he had wandered into the women's ward, and under the circumstances was thankint that he got out with his life.

While this did not turn out to be a genuine ghost, Inspector Williams is ready to swear at any time that he has seen a real spirit. "You remember Chartine Cox, the murderer of Mrs. Hull!" said the inspector. "Well, it was through my evidence that he was convicted. I had spent a great deal of time with him and had realiy got to like him for he had a numbor of good traits. Naturally, when I saw him on the gallows i feli a little sympathetic, and when he smiled pleasantly at me in the face of death, I felt more so. The old drop came down and Chartine's body was jerked up several feet, and then settled back on the rope. I was witching it intently and I saw a light mist come from somewhere and surrounded by the mist. The spirit waved an adden to me as it passed over the wall. I have told this many times, and few people believe it, but I tell you it's as true as I am allive."

"Had you been drinking that day, Inspector!"

"Had you been drinking that day, Inspector!"
"Not a drop."

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.

From The Baltimore American.
A contemporary speaks of those who "love their fellow-men." A good deal depends upon how they love them. Cannibals prefer them rensted.

LAZY TAHITI.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL EDEN OF THE SOUTS PACIFIC.

PAPERER. Tahiti, Oct. 14.
Life runs along very smoothly in this island paradise The Tabitian has all his wants supplied, his physical by nature, his political by France, and his spiritual by foreign missions. He now only lacks perpetual youth. That he colors this life is shown by his happy face, his clear, honest eyes not yet lit with greed, and his ever-ready hospitality. He is tall, well made and muscular and his features are regular. The women have their share of beauty compared with their sisters of other races, some of them being very lovely. Behold an oval face lit by soft, dark, liquid eyes under a broad, low forehead, the nose slightly aquiline, with delicately out nostrils, a curved, sensitive mouth and small well-turned chin, and this crowned by a wavy mass of long, fine half reaching below the waist. Often of a morning I see & dozen young girls taking a bath in the reef-bound haroor. Dressed in their red "holokus," or "Mother Hubbards," they run like deer across the turf, leap from the low sea wall, screaming with excitement, their arms and legs waving and skirts flying, and strike the water with a mighty splash. On they come, one after another till all are in the water, ducking and splashing each other; then out they scramble and rush across the turi for another run and jump. The people generally don's care much for salt water bathing, though they are good swimmers and great divers; but they are a cleanly race and do much scrubbing in the little brooks.

Both men and women are very fend of flowers, the latter wearing "lels," or wreaths, on their heads and around their necks and over one or both ears a red or white flower half-hidden in their dark tresses. They are also very fond of each other and continually gather in groups, sitting on their haunches or on the ground, laughing, chatting or singing. A cigarette passes from mouth to mouth, each in turn pulling at it; and in truth it is the only way to keep one of the wretched native ones lighted. Everything they have is shared with their friends, a single pineapple or a bottle of beer passing around a party of ten or a dozen; and a friend passing by is always called in to share a dinner. Rightly is this group of islands called Society.

The usual feeding hours here are brengfast at 10 and dinner at 5. There are only two meals a day-the thire can hardly be called a meal, as it is merely coffee and bread in bed at daylight, or soon after, for they are early risers here. The meals are particularly good—fascinat-ing oysters fresh from the sea, the nicest shrimps I ever tasted, from three to four inches long and as big around as one's finger. Baked sucking pig is a noble institution of Tahiti. After the little darling is dressed and wrapped in leaves he is placed in the oven, which is simply a hole in the ground previously prepared by heated stones. The whole is covered with earth and presently comes out a very dream of Charles Lamb, He is eaten with a native sauce made out of cocoanut and sea water-queer but nice.

The shops open at 6 or 7 o'clock and are entirely closed from 10 to 12, the shutters even being put up. Nearly all business is done between 6 and 19.

The town is kept in very good order. The Commissioner of Police is appointed in France and the police system of Paris is carried out here. Not a soul walks abroad after 10 at night without being reported to the Governor, who reads the police returns every day.

All the youth in the island come from the little plantstions or farms into the town of | apeete, where they go into service with the European and upper-class Tabitians, or, finding employment unpleasant or difficult toast very thin and crisp.' And so she repeated in her peculiar way each order that was given. Presently never enters their heads, but to enjoy themselves and never enters their heads, but to enjoy themselves and to get rid of any wild outs nature has thought necessary to give them are their aims. Every night the gultar is heard in many quarters and dances and feasts pass the night away. "Band night" is a joyous occasion dear to the memory of all visitors to the island. On Thursday fame in this respect drew a number of aspiring young women to her for advice and assistance during her recent travels. "They were mostly defined young crument House in a little plaza carpeted with the form women," continued Mrs. Strakosch, "who had been duped by the ill-advised flattery of friends. Some of them could sing fairly well, but showed nothing sell fruit and flowers, and in the centre is the brilliantly like pronounced talent; but others scarcely knew a note and were badly afflected with stage on the brain. wild with joy. Around the stand-skip men and girls, singly, in pairs and in raws, heads up, eyes bright, teeth showing, clasping each other by waist or shoulder, laughing and calling to each other, while the dust fairly chokes the putting, blowing musicians. If a dancer falls in the mad whirl a scream of excitement rises and only dies away when the prestrate one rises and dances on bug flowers and wreaths for the girls, as happy with their "less" as a debutante with her bouquets. A tall young globe trotter advances to a group of dusky beauties holding high the finest lei he can purchase. There is a scream of delight from a dozen pretty mouths, a dozen rounded arms are thrust at the prize as the garlanded heads hob up and down, and then there is a rush and he is overwhelmed. They climb upon his head and shoulders and plack the wreath to pieces, seaving him dishevelled and overcome by such a whirlwind of arms and legs.

Then the band strikes up and away they all go again.

At last the bandsmen form in the street, the torchlight tratesmen disappear with the remnant of their wares, and the crowd gather in line before and behind the band. The street being darker than the plaza even those whose in love with | diguity and respectability kept them from joining the he stand Officers from foreign men of war, yachtsmen, townspeople, globe trotters, away they all go, nymphs and satyrs, in wild Bacchanalian dance down the dimly its street under the trees meeting in an arch overhead, now to the right, then back across the street, each line at its own sweet will. Dignity falls to the ground when a smile and a glance from a flower-decked maiden comes bearing an invitation to clasp hands or waists and "follow the band." The "Pied Piper of Hamelin " could lead away these people any time.

The band halts for some reason and we get ahead of it.

line of us across the street. On my right is a young lady with a wreath of yellow flowers on her biack tresses, another around her neck. I don't believe she case speak a word of English and don't try to make her do so -there is no need. Beyon't her there is a man and then another girl-there are twelve in the line. The band strikes up behind us and everybody begins dancing. We can take any steps we like; we are off the ground most of the time; and down the street we go. Suddenly my arm is grasped by a strong hand which slips through; and I have on my left a big Kanaka dressed in waist-cloth and coat with head thrown back and laughing for pure joy. Away we go running and dancing against the people ahead of us, breaking into the lines, first one and then another, until we bring up against a row of figures cial to dark blue, a party of sallors. We try to break this line too but the stalwart fellows stop altogether and back up the whole procession, digging their heels into the ground and bracing themselves against the attacking lines. There is a wild uproar and suddenly they dark forward with all the rout in pursuit, only to repeat the performance later. Meanwhile the right wing of our line pulls out to the side, and off we dance up the side of the street to get nearer the ban t which has been left far in the rear. We come into line with a swing and I play orack the whip " with my Kanaka friend and bang him here and there into the midst of dancing rows.

No one thinks of getting angry, and you can do as you please, so down we go through the lines ahead of us till we strike again that stout row of sailors having their we strike again that stout row of sailors having their watch ashore to night. Out again to the side, a dance back to the band-and repeat. A street light has shown me that my young lady on the right has a pretty face and is edporing herself hugely. She stands the "cracking the whip." and the breakin: Huse with perfect case. At last the band turns into the market place and cease playing; the wild, fascinating dance is over. We mop, pant and walk away to a friendly home where we drink tea and eat bread and Jam with our host and hostess till long past midnight.

Many a lazy evening is spent on mats and pillows on the verandah, the glorious moon looking down on our chat. She shines over the harbor and shipping, lights up the white beach roal and peers through the tall coccanut palm near till it stands like a silhouette against the sky. From the beach comes the steady road of the surf, and the warm air enfolds us as in a caress.

They make desiccated coceanut on Tabitian plante tions and methinks if the American woman could see how it is done ples and puddings would be left out of her menu forever. As I approached one of these "plants" the other day a native pulled a fat baby out of a pile of the other day a natto-ground and tethered the young one smeared with the eccoanut still, by a string around one of its aukles. Then he picked up another child when the string around the company of the surkles. smeared with the coconing still, by another chi-plactilly reclined with its knees in a large pan ground nut.

A Tahitian gentleman or lady is a charming person te meet. They are cultivated and refined, the men have been educated in the best universities in Europe. They been educated in the best universities in Europe. They and their wives are travelled, they are thoroughly commopolitan and they meet the stranger with a knowledge of his customs as well as of his language, and with a hospitality, simple, generous and delightful. What with spearing tish on the reef by torchlight, picnics in coceanut groves by the sea, drives on the beautiful Breon, Road under the cliffs and across the lagoon by Phararoh's caves, dinner parties under a banana leaf roof, and reclining under the trees on moonlight nights, the happy days slip by unnoticed. But Tahiti exacts at expensive tribute from the stranger for the happings he has fell—he can take but the memory away and clonging to be back in "dear, lazy, sunny Tahiti."

BOLD WESTERN HYPERBOLA "Did it rain!" exclaimed the western man i course of a thrilling recital of border life. "B rained so hard that afternoon that the water three feet on a stant root."